

## **Picasso: The Guitarists**

Blue and green and gold the muted three  
muted of guitar the threefold chord  
broken now the puzzle is  
why black and white  
and red all over  
a newspaper of course and its obit  
read who died hear who died know  
and what was once the sky the earth the day  
harmonious and lovely eased  
the rough edge of our living which needs any balm  
of beauty or of mirth  
this chord is cut  
and black and white blood-red all over  
leave but the single note  
behind my head  
not chord of lovely trinity but  
one  
    the others slashed by day  
    sharp as a knife  
    that cut the pilot's wings  
    and thus his life  
Picasso painted them and I  
repeat repeat repeat

## **Sybil's Kitchen**

She flies in the window, motorized,  
Her black eyes frown as she sees the dish  
in the sink,  
I didn't have time to clean up, she says.

She turns up the 1940's radio  
to the news,  
What's happening?

She disdains the pile of newspaper,  
the old pocketbook tossed on the floor,  
flings back the keys and a dark lipstick,  
Why don't you water my plants?

There are many of them,  
geraniums on the window sill,  
a dusty rubber plant,  
some indestructible ivy  
climbing the curtains  
which are made of feathers.

The shelves display Italian pottery,  
On one, stands  
the faded portrait of a  
young marine in full uniform,  
    his stick,  
    his gloves,  
    a picture of his plane.

That's all I'm taking, she says.

## **The World of Grief**

We follow

The slow-swimming Fish

Striped black and gold

As He moves

Solemnly

Under

Water.

A monster picks

Its dainty way

Along the floor

Of memory.

Actinia,

surreal of the sea,

grows from

eye sockets.

The Fish

Glints dimly

In the wavering.

We

are

unafraid.